

*The Historie of*

Cooten, on Wednesday next, our Counsell we will hold  
At *Winfor*, so informe the Lords :  
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,  
For more is to be said, and to be done,  
Then out of anger can be vttered.  
*West.* I will my Liege.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince of Wales, and sir Iohn Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Now *Hall*, what time of day is it lad ?

*Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke,  
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, & sleeping vpon Benches  
after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly,  
which thou wouldest truly know. What a deuill hast thou to  
doe with the time of the day ? Vnlesse houres were cups of  
Sacke, and minuts Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bauds,  
and Diall the signes of Leaping houses, and the blessed Sun  
himselfe a faire hot Wench in flame coulored Taffata ; I see  
no reason why thou shouldest bee superfluous to demand the  
time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed you come neere me now *Hall*, for we that take  
Purles, goe by the Moone and leuen startes, and not by *Pha-*  
*buz*, he, that wandring Knight so faire : and I prethee sweete  
wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace ; Maiesty  
I should say, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

*Prince.* What none ?

*Fal.* No by my troth, not so much as will serue to be pro-  
logue to an Egge and Butter.

*Prince.* Well, how then ? come roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs  
that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the  
dayes beauty : let vs be *Dianas* Forresters, Gentlemen of the  
shade, minions of the Moone ; and let men say, we be men of  
good gouernment, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble  
and chaste Mistris the Moone ; vnder whose countenance we  
steale.

*Prince.* Thou sayest well, and it holdes well too, for the for-  
tune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like  
the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone ; as for  
proofe

*Henry the Fourth.*

proofe. Now a purse of gold most resolutely snar-  
day night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday  
got with swearing lay by, and spent with crying  
in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and  
as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallows.

*Fal.* By the Lord thou sayest true lad ; and is  
stesse of the Tauerne a most sweet wench ?

*Prince.* As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the  
is not a Buffe lerkin a most sweet robe of duran

*Fal.* How now, how now mad wagge, what  
and thy quiddities ? What a plague haue I to do  
lerkin ?

*Prince.* Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with  
of the Tauerne ?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast cal'd her to a reckoning  
and oft.

*Prince.* Did I euer call for thee to pay thy pa

*Fal.* No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast pay

*Prim.* Yea and else where, so far as my coyne w  
and where it would not, I haue vsde my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so vsde it, that were it not heere a  
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wa  
be Gallows standing in *England*, when thou art K  
lution thus subd as it is with the rusty curb of o  
tick the Law : do not thou whē thou art a king h

*Prince.* No, thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I ? O rare ! by the Lord Ile be a bra

*Prince.* Thou iudget false already. I meane the  
the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a ran

*Fal.* Well *Hall*, well, and in some sort it iun  
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell

*Prince.* For obtaining of sutes ?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of sutes, whereof th  
hath no leane Wardrop, Zblood I am as melanc  
Cat, or a lugd-Bear.

*Prince.* Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolne shire* Bagp

*Prince.* What sayest thou to a Hare, or the m

